

Have you sometimes
n you know what to do

at times reveal your nervousness and trepidation when you wish most to appear at ease? If so, peruse these helpful words of the Bazar, which will show you how to train the unruly muscles:

"My dear fellow," said a society woman of great candor to an awkward timid dandy, "I have heard graduate whom I should like to present, 'you have any amount of talent, you have position, you have money, but you will never show at your best, until you know what to do with your hands and feet. You must lose them, forget them, be unconscious of them.'"

This is easier said than done; and yet it is possible by the persistent use of a few exercises which bring relaxation and freedom from stiffness, and others which encourage flexibility and strength of muscle. Cultivate the habit of letting the arm fall and place themselves as they will when standing or sitting without occupation. Learn to swing them, one at a time, back and forth, like a pendulum hanging from the shoulder, the elbow-joint straight and easy, but not stiff. Lift the length of the arm as weight from the shoulder very quietly and slowly as high as it will go, and bring it down in the same manner. The muscles across the back are weakened to a wonderful degree. Try this movement singly, and again with both arms, fifty or a hundred times a day. With the arms hanging at full length, elevate the shoulders slowly, and turn the head in a rotary motion forward the back.

A daily practice of such simple movements call one's attention to the varied actions and use of joint and muscle; the idea of using the arm from the shoulder is understood, and the habit of bringing different sets of muscles into play in alternation and succession becomes second nature. This is the numbering of one's forces, and training them to do each its own part. It is a kind of personal massage, the virtue of which lies in the minute search for weakness, flabbiness, and lack of development in the smallest muscle, and the daily gentle manipulation which strengthens it by action. No woman wants that close knit sinew and knotty, woody fibre that many men seek to obtain from athletics. It is to which nature calls her; she does want firmness with flexibility, staying power and endurance.

◆◆◆

Good-Humored Courtesy.

No other qualification serves a man so well, perhaps, in his daily intercourse with other men as a good-humored courtesy, which can turn aside the sharp edge of ill-nature by a witty jest. A prominent American statesman is noted for this trait, and owes to it much of his popularity.

A Western man, not a member of Congress, who felt injured by some decision which he made while Speaker of the house of Representatives, sought him, in a rage, to "free his mind." One or two lookers-on followed, hoping to see the Speaker lose his temper. They met him on Pennsylvania Avenue.

"Mr. B—," broke out the irate stranger, "I don't know you! But I'll take the liberty of telling you you are a fool!"

"Mr. B—," eyes twinkled, "I wonder how," he said, quietly, "if you had been an intimate friend of mine, what you would have taken the liberty of saying."

Some rude fellow, provoked at Sydney Smith, barred his path one day, saying, "I never give way to a block-head!"

"I always do," said the clergyman, quickly passing around him.

Thomas Moore, the grumson of his generation, once tells, in his quaint old English, of the "pleasantry with" which he turned the anger of his foes into admiration. On one occasion, having reminded a debtor of his obligation, the man grew abusive and bade him "remember that he was likely soon to die, when money would count for naught." He added, "Memento morieris." (Remember that you will die.)

"Ay, only you have chosen a good motto!" said Sir Thomas. "Memento morieris" (Remember [More's] money.)

The habit of saying gay and pleasant things can be cultivated as well as that of perpetual complaint and sarcasm, and it certainly adds a new, fine flavor to life.

◆◆◆

Graphic Response.

At a banquet connected with a Dental Convention, to one speaker was assigned "The Dignity and Utility of our Profession." This was his response:

"Ladies and gentlemen, suppose that tomorrow in every business, professional, political, or social sphere, all who have false teeth, from one to a full set, should appear without them! Suppose that all filling should drop out tonight, and every nerve exposed to hot and cold, sweet and sour! Then and not till then could we measure the utility or conceive the dignity of our profession."

The ladies was the applause and laughter. Then said he "Your smiles and open mouths reward me and illustrate my theme," and sat down.

The foregoing is commended to the attention of prosy after-dinner and platform speakers.

◆◆◆

Key West.

The island is about seven miles long and two miles wide. Of the 20,000 people on it most of them live by the tobacco business, fishing, trading, and sponging. The "sponger" at Key West is not a bumster or deadbeat, as one might be led to think; he is a hard worker, fits afloat in a dory, and pre-emptively amphibious, and a good judge of the weather. The sponge business here is extensive, and a source of large revenue to the Key Westers. The numerous big cigar factories reveal the magnitude of that industry. A single factory employs several hundred workmen and workwomen. A pleasant and doubtless a profitable business, the sponge business is also carried on in these factories, and perhaps in others. Every morning a reader takes his stand in the center of the room where the people are at work and reads the daily paper to them. Each laborer contributes a small sum for this service, the aggregate amount making a handsome compensation for the reader. Here is a hint that may be useful elsewhere.

◆◆◆

God can overlook ten thousand mistakes on the part of any man who is trying his best to do right, but he has sworn that he will never forget the sins of those who are dishonest with their fellow-men.

The kindly act and thought, the angry look and speech which, the small child and the small witch can utter, are the small things which, in the life in which we may serve our Lord.

The Secular Union of the State of Washington, are petitioning against the exemption of real property from taxation on the old cry of "Church and State."